

(81)
1608/1665.
A N

1608/5234.

EPITAPH

Upon His GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of *Marlborough*.

Who departed this Life *July* the
19th 1714, and lies now interr'd
in the City of *Antwerp*.

Written by a Monk of the Order of St.
Dominic. And Translated into *English*
by a Member of the *Marlborough-Club*.

— *Extinctus amabitur idem.*

L O N D O N:

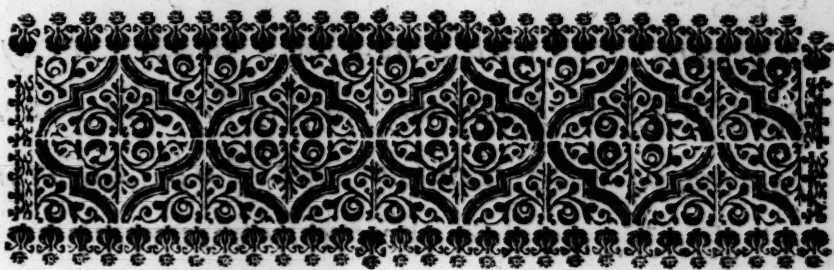
Printed, and Sold by J. Roberts in *Warwick-*
Lane. 1714. Price 3 d.

99 R. 1714.

181

REPT. A. P. H.





Mr. Roberts,



*Latin Epitaph written by a Monk
at Antwerp, having been trans-
mitted to the Marlborough-
Clubb, held near Golden-square,
the Gentlemen of that Club desired me to tran-
slate it into English, that our own People
may see the just Esteem which Foreigners
have for the Memory of that Great MAN,
to whose Health we so constantly drank whilst
Living ; and whose many Glorious Actions,
for the Good of the Common Cause of Eu-
rope,*

rope, and of these Kingdoms, we shall ever
remember and extol, now he's dead. Pray
publish my Translation, and desire the Town
to receive with Candour the First Attempt
of this Nature (for the Publick Service)

Of Their's

and your humble Servant,

and constant Asserter of

Liberty and Property.

THO. JOHNSON.

A N





A N
E P I T A P H

Upon His G R A C E

J O H N,
Duke of *Marlborough*.

I N Hopes of an happy Resurrection,
Here lies the Body of
J O H N
D U K E of M A R L B O R O U G H,
Whose Soul
Above Mortality now,
Out of the Power of *Envy*,
Or
Ingratitude.

Enjoys

Enjoys the happiest Stations of *Elysum*,
Where

Alexander, Cæsar, Cato,
Admire,
Revere,
Adore,

The bravest *General*, the firmest *Patriot*,
Where

Nor Cowardice, nor Treachery,
Vain Glory, vain Ambition,
A sordid Thirst for Riches.
A restless Aim at Greatness,
Or studied Popularity and Noise.

Where
No base *Betrayer* of his *Prince's Weakness*,
No Sycophant,

No servile Courtier of th' inconstant Crouds,
(Who, whom they raise, pull down;)

Where no *One Soul*
That serves his *Country's Enemy*,
To build his private Int'rest,
On that *Country's Ruin*,

Who trusts his *Foe*, deserts his *Friend*,
Dare shew his hated Head.

Stop



Stop, Traveller,
 Here are the poor Remains
 Of
 GENERAL CHURCHILL,
 His Country's *Glory*, and his Country's *Shame*.
 Who

Having enlarg'd her *Credit* far abroad
 In conq'ring Armies, and victorious Troops,
 And having well secur'd her *Peace* at home
 Was first *Rewarded*;

Then
All, but *Banish'd* here.

Happy Antwerp!
 To whose antient Walls each Foreigner,
 The hither and the nether *Indian* too,
 In future Times will come
 To read and wonder,
 To learn,
 How changeable is every Mortal's Fate,
 How certain Death.

Then value not thy self, vain Man!
 Although possessest
 Of Youth or Beauty, Riches, Glory,
 Since all that's valuable could not save

Great

Great *Marlborough* from *Antwerp*, and the Grave :

And all thy Gifts,

Whether of Body, Fortune, or of Mind,

Will not continue thee *thy self* for ever.

Whether thou'rt renown'd

For *Military* Feats,

In glorious Fields, in prosperous Campaigns,

For Troops courageously led on, and soon

Victoriously led off.

Whether thou'rt renown'd

For bravely storming with a daring Hand,

The well-wall'd Citadel and Rampart

Of *Flanders* strongest Towns.

Or whether thou hast purchas'd *Fame*,

In distant Courts, and Camps, and Palaces,

For being skill'd in *Counsel* deep and dark,

And understanding well

The many *mazy* Wiles and Turns of State.

For

Little it avails

(Read *Marlborough's* Face)

Little

To have known the different Interests

Of neighb'ring and of distant Nations :

Little

Little to have known
 The truest Int'rest of our *Native Land*,
 And to have fix'd it nearest to his Heart ;
 Little it avails
 To have advanc'd most *Glorious* Terms of Peace,
 To have directed a most *Glorious War*,
 T' have been the *Darling* of his Prince ;
 T' have had the *Heart* of every Fellow Subject,
 Of *mitred* Flamens, and of *well-rob'd* Priests,
 Of *furr'd* Patricians, and *plain* Senators,
 Of plainer poor Plebeians ;
 For Time and Chance,
 Death and Disgrace
 Happens alas ! to all,
 The Stout, the Coward, to the Wise, the Fool,
 The just, the Knave,
 The honest *Lover* of his Country,
 The *ROGUE* that does betray it.
 But oh ! Heav'n, may *that Man*
 Live curs'd and hated long,
 Live in unusual Disgrace,
 In pungent Mind and painful Body,
 And if he rose in *Haste*, in *Haste* too may he fall.
Happy Antwerp.

Bless'd with the last Retirements of the Great,
 The Glorious MARLBOROUGH;
 More *splendid*, and more honourable here,
 Than when he shin'd in Ermin, or in Armour,
 Who

Having obtain'd a Name
 Amongst the most illustrious Mortals,
 The antient Demi-Gods, and present Heroes;
 A Name

Esteem'd wherever *Phæbus* gilds the Day,
 Thro' habitable Earth,
 Having secur'd from *French*
 And *Popish* Power

The happy Realms of *Britain*,
 By *British* Arms, and those of firm *Allies*,
 Having

By Glorious Marches, Sieges, Battles,
 (Still *Victorious*)

Reliev'd the *Empire*, conquer'd *France*,
 Made *Flanders* smile, *Holland* rejoice,
 Tyrants tremble;

And
 A certain *Ascititious* Prince despair,
 Full of Years,
 With *Honours* loaden,

Which

Withdrew into thy peaceful Walls, in Quiet
To contemplate

Th' *Herculean* Labours of his busie Life,
(Chiefly employ'd for *England's* Good)

To behold

Such *Glories* purchas'd by a *single* Man

In *few* Years Space,

As a whole Race of Worthies might attempt

With *less* Success in many Ages.

Happy Antwerp!

Blest with the last Remains

Of that Great Man, who once protected thee,

Secure from Tyranny.

Not all thy stately Buildings,

Not Temples (*Antwerp's* Pride)

Not

That *happy* Situation,

To which the Elements do *All* conspire

To make thee still frequented, ever *lov'd*,

Not all thy Riches, Plenty, Power,

Learning, *Arts*, and Sciences,

So *true* an Ornament to thee do prove,

As MARLBOROUGH's Presence

When Alive.

His Monument.

Now Dead.

Envy us *England*,
And act, as often thou hast done,
Neglect thy *Heroes*, and thy *Benefactors* ;
Disgrace Them,

But

Lament and Honour them when 'tis too late.

Speak *Citizens*,

What *Shrines*, what *Arches*?
What *Mausoleum* shall we raise
For *Malborough's* Glory and our own?
The *Graver's* Art will perish,
The *Painter's* fade :
Time conquers *Trophies*,
And levels

Best rais'd *Triumphal Pillars* to the Ground.

'Tis the *Poet*,

The *Muse* must make *Him* live,
For *She* that ne'er can die,
Alone an *Immortality* can give.
Descend, *Apollo*, then,
And all ye heav'nly Choir,

Inspire,

Which round *Parnassus* dwell,
 Inspire,
 Assist,
 Whilst every Son of *Art*,
 And rev'rend *Bard*, who treads on *Antwerp's* Plains,
 And walks, and sings, and loves, and rhimes
 Enjoys the *Umbra* of its Groves,
 Along the *Banks* of many warbling Streams,
 Summons all their *Fire*,
 Strongest *Judgment*, brightest *Wit*,
 Liveliest *Fancy*, justest *Measure*,
 To eternize *themselves*, their *Verse*,
 And

MARLBOROUGH.

Methinks I see a noble *Iliad* rise,
Virgils invok'd, *Statius* and *Lucan* read,
 And ev'ry *Flandrian* Muse aspires to be
 A STEELE, an ADDISON.

Strange!

How the lab'ring *Genius* works the Brain,
 To rout the *French* on fam'd *Ramellies* Plain:
 How many Poets gain that glorious Day!

Here One

With his All-conquering Pen,

And

Forces the *Lines* by *Stratagem*, once past,
 Maintain'd by *Courage*,
 And writes (as *Marlborough* fought) an *Army* down
Tropes, *Figures*, *Similes* engage the Men,
 Sweep all the *Plain*,
 And level strongest Fortrefs to the Ground.

Another

With *Pegasæan* Speed from *Flanders*,
Denmark, *Prussia*, *Thules* self
 Describes Battallias, *Post* to *Germany*.
 How does the *Boian* Prince
 (Rewarded *Rebel* now)

Tremble in Verse Heroic? How the Fate
 Of the great *Empire*, dubious nod,
 Till *Marlborough* gives the *Word*.
 Then *Baden* marches, *Eugene* fights,
Schellenberg's pass'd, *Hocstet's* won,
 The *Empire* free, *Tallard* a Captive,
 An *ARMY PRISONERS*.

Attend y' inspir'd Souls,
 Who *Numbers* loves, and the just *Force* of Verse,
 Applaud, encourage,
 And in immortal *Lines* employ
 Your best *Invention*, *Diction*, *Phrase*,

In *proud* Heroic, humble Elegy,
 In *keen* Iambick, *softer* Saphic,
 To sing the mighty endless Deeds
 Of

MARLBOROUGH.

What a *noble Subject* must HE choose,
 Who takes him, *Infant* first, into his Care,
 Then writes him full grown *Youth*,
 What *Words*, What *Images*,
 Will *this* happy *Poet* find
 T' express his beauteous Body, beauteous Mind?
 (Strong Promises of *future Greatness*.)
 See in the *Boy* he reads the *Man*,
 And without *Prophecy* foretels
 The *Politician*, *Patriot*, *General* yet to come,
 Whose *Genius* now outruns his *Years*,
 And renders him the *King's*, the *Court's* Delight,
 Their present *Admiration*, future *Hopes*.
 How well is HE again employ'd,
 Who his *maturer Years* describes,
 And finds the *Hero* in *full Bloom*?
 Bending his *Thoughts* and *Actions*

All

All to his Country's Good.
 Who leads him with Success
 To many Prince's Favours,
 With *Him* Great *William's* Reign adorns ;
 With *Him* embellishes SIX Glorious Years
 Of greater A N N.

What *Poet* now is equal to the Task?

What *single* Genius dare attempt
 The *Volumes* which are due to

M A R L B O R O U G H,

See they divide Theme;

One sings

His *noble* Race, *Equestrian* Family,

By *Wars* Atchievements,

Ripen'd into Princely Titles, Honours, Riches.

Another sings his Princely Consort,

And a beautiful Descent,

Even of *Goddesses* in *Mortal* Line.

Behold,

Ferne's here rejoicing drawn

At *Marlborough's* Arrival on its Shore,

Towns surrendring, Battles won,

The

The *French*, the *Native Irish* forc'd to fly,
 And *Popery*,
 And *Slav'ry* banish'd from the happy Coast.

There
Another Poet makes him shine
 In *William's Council* at *Augusta* ;
 And *Another*
 In *William's Wars* in *Flanders* :

W I L L I A M,
 The *Good Genius* of the *British* Isles,
Affertor of our *Liberty*,
Defender of our *Laws*,
Protector of our *Religion*,
Restorer of *them all*,

W I L L I A M and M A R L B O R O U G H,
 For ever B O T H employ'd
 Our *Peace* and *Safety* to secure,
 And to *transmit* our *Crown*
 To *ANNA*, glorious

ANNA
 Tho' last, yet not ~~least~~ Fortunate
 Of famous STUART's Line,
 For whose Sake, and Britain's too,
 When Nassau comes to die,
 A melancholy Bard
 Thus makes th' illustrious Monarch breath his last
 With earnest Eyes, and Force of Voice,
 Impressing HANOVER
 Upon his Royal Sister's Heart,
 ANNA, my Sister, my Belov'd,
 The Cause
 With which Heav'n warm'd my Breast,
 For which I left my native Land,
 To render This a Guardianship to That,
 And That to This:
 To join in strict Alliance, Friendship, Love,
 The Dutch and British People,
 Best Security

'Gainst

'Gainst France's lawless Power,
 'Gainst Popery and Slavery at Home:
That Cause which thy Sire
Had made deplorable and wretched,
By introducing Politicks in State,
And Worship in Religion,
Foreign and destructive to our Isle,
 Retriev'd by me,
 Fate has determin'd
 By Thee to Finish.
Thou shalt rise
In Glory high,
Victories strange
Thy Reign shall grace,
 France shall be humbled, Lewis seek for Peace;
 But remember, remember well, my Sister,
 Take CHURCHILL to thy Heart,
 Let Him command thy Arms Abroad,
 Advise at Home;

'Tis he must draw my Sword,
No Subject less than HE
Shall e'er command the Belgian Troops,
And those of numerous Allies ;
No, Britain, when He's gone.
I see, I see the CONQUEROR
From Flanders, France, the Rhine, the Maes, the Scheld,
Victorious to the very Ister
To Audenard, to Mons he makes his Way,
But oh ! Blaregnies is the greater Name,
Tournay surrenders, Lille submits,
Doway yields, En Bouchain's taken,
And Paris — With that his Spirit sunk,
Just able with his latest Breath to say,
Paris, — Pretender.

The

The *Monkish Latin* Distich.

HIC jacet Angligenæ, Churchillus, gloria gentis,
 Qui, licet his Victor mœnibus, exul obit.

Here *England's* Glory, the Great CHURCHILL lies,
 Who, tho' he conquer'd here, here banish'd Dies.



The Monkish Latin Distich.

Hic facit Anglice, Churchillius gloriatur,
Qui, licet his Vitis manibus, eximodis.
Here England's Glory, the Great Churchill lies,
Who, tho' he conquer'd here, here bawling Dies.

